

VOL LXXI. No. 1829.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, March 20th, 1912.  
Copyright, 1912, by Keppler & Schwarzmann. Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter

PRICE TEN CENTS.

# PUCK



## THE FIT-THROWER.

Whenever he spots an easy-looking couple, he flops and has one.



Published by  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,  
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.  
225-227 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK  
No. 1829. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1912.  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

### Cartoons and Comments

LINCOLN IN THE LIMELIGHT. If they laugh in Elysium, the shades of the departed may be indulging in some unctuous chuckles with the consent and co-operation of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Especially is it likely that the late THOMAS JEFFERSON laughs. The late T. J. for a long time has been the guiding star of the Democratic Party, and some years ago "Jeffersonian principles" and "Jeffersonian simplicity" were terms that one never sought in vain in a Democratic speech. BRYAN opposed CLEVELAND, and CLEVELAND opposed BRYAN, and each quoted JEFFERSON to prove his point. So far as we know, it has never been definitely determined just what JEFFERSON'S "principles" were, or with which one of the various Democratic splits he would permit his "simplicity" to line up were he to return to earth and politics; but just at present it makes little difference. Folks for the moment are interested in somebody else: no less a person than the late ABRAHAM LINCOLN. When the Democratic Party executed its nation-wide split, JEFFERSON was the patron saint of both sides of the controversy. Now that the Republican Party has lost its harmony, ABRAHAM LINCOLN is similarly playing a double rôle. He is a stand-patter and a reactionary. And he is also a progressive and a radical. The number of persons who know just what LINCOLN "would say" and "would do" were he face to face with present conditions is already impressive, and it seems to be growing with every outburst of oratory. Both splits of the Republican Party are sure of LINCOLN,

just as both splits of the Democratic Party were sure of JEFFERSON. JEFFERSON was "simple," and LINCOLN was "honest;" there you have the starting-point from which any system of political belief that suits your fancy may be conscientiously evolved. Knowing the depth and extent of LINCOLN'S sense of humor, we trust that no barrier of time or space prevents his immortal spirit from viewing and appreciating the situation. Doubtless it would remind him of a story.

OF those who were called to Washington to shed light upon the strike situation in Lawrence, one was a clergyman. He expressed an opinion that mill work was not bad for children; on the contrary, it was good for them because it kept them off the streets and out of mischief. In fact, while he occupied the stand, this clergyman, who is a local missionary in the employ of the mill-owners, drew quite a pleasant picture of life in Lawrence, the citadel of the "American standard of living," but it was with reference to the children that he was questioned closest and quoted chiefly. Lawrence children themselves were put on the stand, and in a way confirmed the judgment of the mill-owned missionary. "When we're all workin'," said one boy, "my father an' mother an' my sister an' me, we manage, 'most always, to have enough to eat." Mill work, therefore, is good for children, if getting enough to eat is any object to them. Clothes, except outer garments, many of them can and do dispense with in Lawrence for excellent reasons. That fact was also brought out, but its importance is secondary. Lots of people dress lightly in winter. In Switzerland, for instance, people of means go about in the snow almost naked, just for a health fad. Perhaps the lack of clothes in Lawrence, the city of protected wool, is the result of a fad, too. Who knows? "Suffer little children to come unto me," said the Master, "and forbid them not." And the mill-owned missionary adds: "Except those, of course, in Lawrence, Mass., who are ideally happy where they are."



GOOD NIGHT!!

LINCOLN.—If I listened to that bedlam much longer, I'd forget even my Gettysburg speech.





EXPLAINED.

CITY.—Is n't it beautiful! All Nature is smiling to-day!  
COUNTRY.—She ain't smilin'! She's laughin', laughin' at you  
easy marks who are out here buyin' lots!

SIC SEMPER NERVES.

HEY say "Folks nowadays have nerves."  
I say: "Tut, tut! They always had 'em."  
I guess some people had the jumps  
Back in the time of Father Adam.

Some thirty years and more ago  
I grinned when father filed a saw;  
But I remember, just the same,  
That never made a hit with ma.

She'd find some business elsewhere, quick,  
Plump out of sight and out of hearing,  
When father sharpened old cross-cut  
To anti-Pinchot in the clearing.

I used to take a stick of slate  
And score upon a square of ditto;  
Now, one such streak as I made then  
Would drive me "bug" as Charles J. Guiteau.

'T is not the changing of the race  
That makes the difference of our seeming:  
'T is that we've passed our nerveless age  
While we've been growing old and dreaming.

So when they say "Folks have no nerves,"  
I scoff: "Pooh, pooh! Folks always had 'em."  
'Most every one past thirty-five  
Was nervous, back as far as Adam."

Strickland Gillilan.

BACK TO THE NEST.

THAT fatal tendency upon the part of mankind to attempt to befool and cheat old Dame Nature seems likely, in one instance, to result in most serious consequences. According to Prof. M. M. Curtis, head of the departments of psychology and philosophy at Western University, the maternal instincts of the hen show a marked decline since the introduction of the artificial incubator. In less scientific language, incubator-bred hens show a strong disposition to hang around discussing, arguing, gadding about, and otherwise dodging the responsibilities of domesticity and motherhood.

If this is true, it is a serious state of affairs, and it may be attributed to the fantastic hope on the part of visionaries to run the world—instead of upon the old virtues and motives—with "scientific" management and the use of, for instance, kerosene. But say, does kerosene

scratch around and pick out the succulent worm? Does kerosene cuddle the little chicks right up due south of the wishbone—only stepping upon them occasionally, and even then meaning no harm? Can kerosene discover the preying hen-hawk, utter a pleasant shriek of warning, and flap for shelter, with best wishes for the survival of the lame chick of the family?

"If permitted to return to the old-fashioned methods of raising chicks by means of setting hens," says Prof. Curtis, "the hen will come into her own again." Then, by all means, put away those ill-smelling un-maternal galvanized mothers, and let old Speckle and Biddy and Tasseltop get back on the job. To sneer at motherhood is, sooner or later, on the part of the hen, to sneak out of laying eggs, and with those ovoid jewels more costly in winter than the ransom of a missionary, it simply won't do.



"GOTT, HOW I LOFE YOU!"

THE REUNION OF THE REPUBLICAN WEBER AND FIELDS.

LOCAL PRIDE.

FIRST FARMER.—Had an awful siege of cold weather, did n't we?  
SECOND DITTO.—Yep. Regular old Cattaraugus County winter.  
N.B.—For "Cattaraugus" substitute "Schoharie," "Palmetto," "Piedmont," "Calaveras," "Cook," "Pike," "Chesapeake," etc., as the particular section may be.

IT SOMETIMES seems as if the limits of the law were continually being extended to meet our growing business requirements.

Pride goes before a fall—so long before, in some instances, that envious folk get weary of waiting for the catastrophe.



THOSE UNDERDAWGS.

Every time I come to town,  
The boys keep a-kickin' my dawg aroun'



**S**MALL CONSUMER is my dawg's name;  
Hang-dawg look an' a gait that's lame;  
Nary a frien' in the world but me;  
Am't got "points" or a ped-i-gree;  
Little man, middle man, trust man, all,  
Kicks him Summer an' Spring an' Fall;  
Kicks him in Winter, an' kicks him hard;  
Kicks him right in his own front yard;  
Squar' in his ribs they plant their feet;  
Poor Consumer is easy meat.  
Makes no difference if he is a houn',  
They got a-quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

Protected Labor is my dawg's name;  
He gets treated about the same;  
Nice fat tariffs are in his pan;  
"Just for you," says the Congress Man,  
"Nobody else; just you alone;"  
But all he gets is a cleaned-up bone;  
Trusty's dawg he grabs the meat;  
Ain't none left for mine to eat;  
Mine he howls an' begs for more.  
Trusty boots him through the door.  
Makes no difference if he is a houn',  
They got a-quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

Competition is my dawg's name;  
Way they treat him sure's a shame;  
Say, "Nice pup; let's pat your head;"  
Then they swat him hard instead;  
Just the dawg they want about—  
So they say—then kick him out;  
Old Bill Taft he likes him true;  
Reckon that's all, Bill—me an' you;  
Tell you what, I'm a-gettin' sore;  
Ain't goin' t' stand for kicks no more.  
Makes no difference if he is a houn',  
They got a-quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

Every time I come to town,  
The boys keep a-kickin' my dawg aroun'.

A. H. FOLWELL.

**T**HE man who constantly whistles may be a nuisance, but he is away ahead of the fellow who always whines.

Lovers Once, But Strangers Now.—II.



THE COURTSHIP OF BILL TAFT.

THE REPUBLICAN PRISCILLA.—Why don't you speak for yourself, Theodore?

(Reprinted from PUCK, April 24, 1907.)

AN UNNEGOTIABLE LEG.

**T**HE life of a pauper seems hard enough, without adding to its burden or detracting from its possibility of joy. Hence it is sorrowing to read of the harsh treatment accorded to one William Armstrong by the Selectmen of Manchester, Conn., in the matter of a wooden leg. Not that they have refused William the physical solace of a wooden leg, of which he stands in need. No! But that there was, about the giving of it, something niggardly and brusque, you are called to witness.

It seems that William came from Ireland a few years ago, and has since been a "charge" upon the town. He had but one natural leg, and it seemed incumbent upon the Selectmen to supply the palpable want. And so they bought him a wooden leg, but upon it they had indelibly stamped these words: "This leg is the property of the town of Manchester, loaned to William Armstrong, and not to be hocked, sold, or exchanged without a majority vote of the Board of Selectmen."

Now, perhaps, the Selectmen meant well, but their business acumen led them to forget an important psychological point; important, that is, to William Armstrong. They forgot that to a man like William a wooden leg is more than a wooden leg—it is collateral, it is property. How much happier would he be, stumping along upon something of his own, something valuable in the eyes of—at least—a pawnbroker; something that would have a definite standing in a practical world? Now it is just a leg; less than a leg, indeed. It is n't negotiable. It is n't good—except to stand on, and a wooden leg should be more. It is probably true that, with those words missing from the leg, William might, upon some occasion of high frivolity, unstrap it and exchange it for more potable property. But it does seem hard to have an unnegotiable leg.



JERSEY'S NEED IS A CAPITAL ON WHEELS.

GOVERNOR WILSON.—Have n't time to look at it now. I'm late for a speech I've got to make in Kansas.



# PUCK

## PARDON THESE TEARS.

**E**VERYTHING in the extreme it is to know that there are some prize-fighters who do not earn more money than college presidents. Not so long ago optimism was experiencing a severe chill at the news that one John Johnson, colored, had received something over a hundred thousand dollars for severely beating a white man named Jeffries. At the thought Culture fainted and Progress took to the back seats. So it is not with any bitter sorrow that we hear the story of Tommy Dyer.

Tommy Dyer is an English boxer who came to this country a few weeks ago to acquire fame and fortune in the ring. He succeeded in obtaining a chance to appear before the stern critics of a New York athletic club, in consideration of the payment of ninety-four dollars to the club. He was then matched against another pugilist and, according to the newspaper report, "fought nine hard rounds." At the end of this interesting affair Tommy figured out profit and loss, and discovered that he had three dollars

and one cent less at the end of his evening's work than he had before. The proceeds, such as they were, reposed in the treasury of the "club."

will be saccharine indeed. In spite of his unlucky introduction to American customs, Tommy will not find us such a bad lot if he will hunt a gentler occupation, hang up his hat, and go to work. There is a dearth of young men who are aptly described in the "Want" columns as "strong and willing," and if fame does not exactly insist on attaching the laurel to the brows of such, yet when all is said and done the three dollars and one cent are on the right side of the ledger.

Freeman Tilden.

## EXIGENT.

**T**HERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many children she did n't know what to do.

The cost of living, too, was going up all the time.

"The rent of a high-top is already more than I can afford!" she complained bitterly. "And if we move into an Oxford tie where shall we all sleep? Or a dancing-

pump? Fancy our trying to manage in a dancing-pump!" But here her emotions mastered her, and she burst into tears; after which she whipped all her children soundly and put them to bed.



"WELL, HERE'S LOOKING AT YER!"

If, as a result of this profitless exercise, Tommy becomes a useful milkman, or motor-man, or garbage collector, the uses of adversity



BEAU BRUMMELL REVIVED.

"Who Is Your Fat Friend, Cabot?"



"You have n't turned in a first-class 'deal' story in heaven knows how long," says the managing editor. "There has n't been any to turn in,"

Those  
Wall Street  
Rumors.

replies the man who covers the railroads. "What's that got to do with it?" the Old Man grunts. "Go out and fix up a good story. Don't start to show that the Erie is going to buy up the Union Pacific, or anything like that, but get a fairly possible one and work it up into good live shape."

The railroad-strategy man is n't the least bit worried. There are lots of "possible" ones. He pulls a small railroad map out of his desk, folds it over in the middle like a book, and jabs a pin through it. Then he opens it up to see where the pin-pricks have landed. One of them is on the main line of the Rock Island. That's promising. The other squarely through Salt Lake City. Why it's a miracle! All along the strategy-man has had an idea that the Rock Island was going to buy some road running into Salt Lake City, and from there get an outlet to the Pacific Coast! This just simply proves it.

A couple of days later the story comes out. The management, of course, won't affirm it, but "there are excellent reasons for believing" that Rock Island will shortly announce a deal by which it will get its "long-needed outlet on the Pacific Coast." Other papers take it up and there is quite

a little talk about it. Over on the Exchange there is a little extra activity in the stocks concerned. That means commissions for the brokers and satisfies them. The managing-editor is satisfied at having been able to start something. The strategy-man is satisfied at having satisfied the Old Man.

But what about the deal? Oh, everybody forgets all about that in a couple of days.

THEY were coming out of the Thirty-fourth Street side of the hotel where one of the most important of the speculative cliques now in control of the market makes its nightly headquarters.

The younger man was enthusiastic. "There's a small fortune in this turn in Union," he was saying. "I've got some, and to-morrow, just after the opening, I'm going to get some more. You don't get a tip like that every day. It comes straight from the inside."

"Sure," remarked the other, cynically, "it comes with the stock."

"THINGS THEY ARE SORRY THEY SAID"—there, how would that do for a heading? Number two in it could be Mr. Hill's statement that it won't be long after the opening of the Panama Canal before the railroads will have lily-pads growing in it.

ON William Street, just across from the Cotton Exchange, there is a famous old restaurant which has for years served as a meeting-place for the fraternity of foreign-exchange brokers. They started going there when the Gold Exchange was established next door, back in Civil War times, and they have kept it up ever since.

But what a change, what a change, from the good old times! Instead of the comfortable sitting around for an hour or so at noon over a good bottle of wine—a dash at the lunch-counter for a sandwich and a glass of something to drink. Instead of a break



### RETRIBUTION.

THE EDITOR OF A COMIC SUPPLEMENT HAS TO EXPLAIN THE FUNNY PICTURES TO HIS CHILDREN EVERY SUNDAY.

in the day's activities and a pleasant meeting with one's friends—a snatching of food and a deglutition of drink with one eye fixed on the ticker. You see an old broker come in. Twenty years ago he would have sat down, ordered a good dinner, and taken his time eating it. Now he is far more likely to work his way to the bar, pour something brown into a little glass, and a moment later be mounting the steps to the street. It lacks just five minutes of one o'clock, and over at the Guaranty they've given him an option on 100,000 francs till then. If he can get there in time he can make his commission—\$3.03. Twenty years ago the decimal would have been one place to the right. That's the difference between then and now.

"EVERY morning these days, when I go through the mail for orders," the head of one of the commission-houses recently remarked, "I get the same feeling as when I've bid three no-trump and my partner lays down a yarborough."

ACCORDING to Chief-Inquisitor Stanley, the U. S. Steel Corporation is an association formed to strangle competition, "hike prices," and put it all over the consumer generally. There's nothing good about it. It's just an evil conspiracy in restraint of trade, and ought to be scotched with the iron heel of the law.

According to Judge Gary, the U. S. Steel Corporation is a great and good institution, formed to get producing-costs down to rock-bottom so that prices can be dropped to the lowest notch and kept there. It does n't want to monopolize anything or hurt anybody. All it wants to do is just to manufacture steel in the best and most economical manner possible and to make a legitimate profit out of doing it.

Somewhere in between is the truth. The trouble is that "somewhere in between" is a mighty indefinite sort of proposition. Franklin.

### A THUMB-NAH TRAGEDY.

I.  
LAID UP.

II.  
LAID OFF.

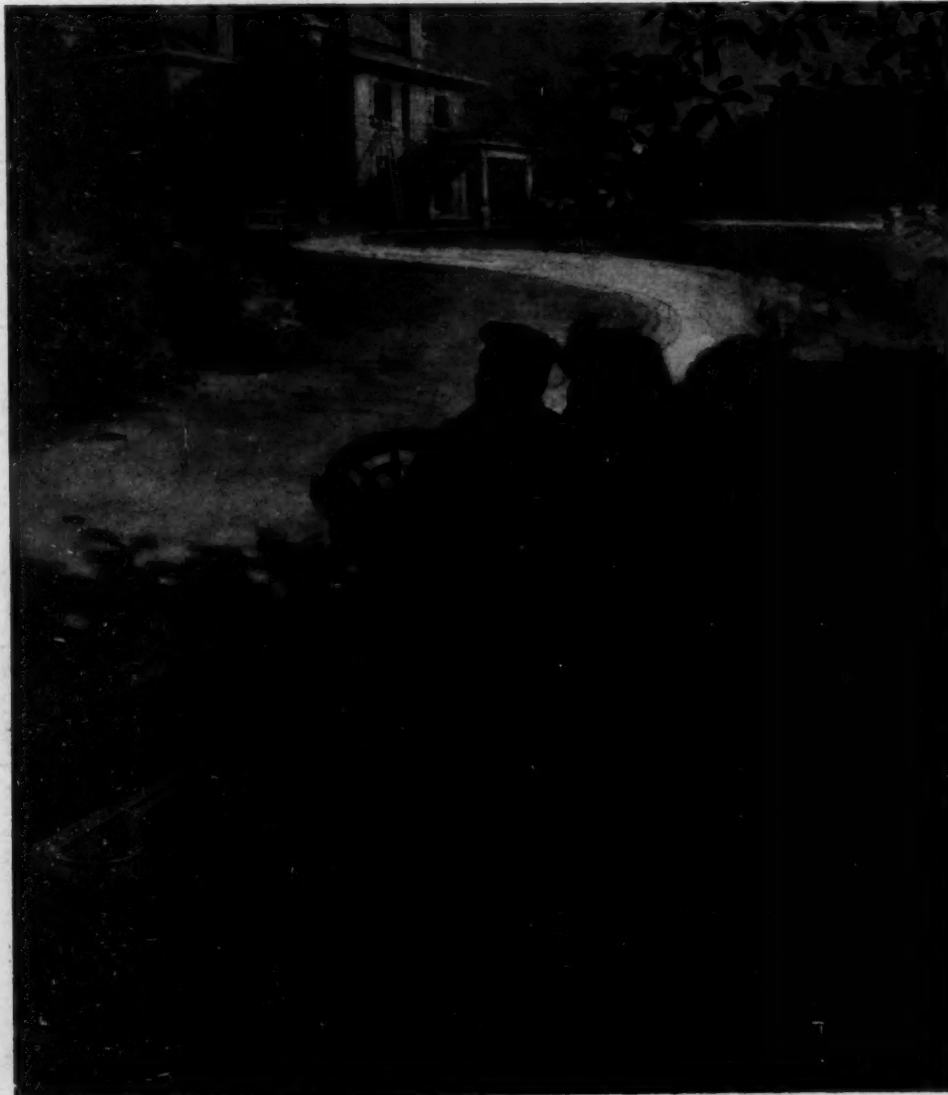
III.  
LAID OUT.

IV.  
LAID AWAY.

PROVED.

WILLIS.—Then you think the office sometimes seeks the man?

GILLIS.—You bet! Our office has spent five thousand dollars trying to find our last cashier.



FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE.





THE PINCH HITTER.\*

\*Batted for Taft in the ninth.

### INCONSISTENT.

[In a "Sample Budget for New York Housewives," recently published in a daily newspaper, the schedule, said to have been offered by a well-known club-woman, includes, out of a monthly income of two hundred dollars, an allowance of sixty dollars for rent and thirty dollars—or one dollar per day—for food for five persons.]



I've oft been told this is an age  
Of rash extravagance;  
Now listen to a household Sage  
Who eyes such things askance.  
"Two hundred dollars, say, per month  
For five—a maid include,—  
Two dollars a day the rent will pay,  
And one will buy the food."

Coffee and rolls à la Française  
Will please the morning group;  
At night the dome's electric ray  
Lights up the lentil soup.  
Maid-served, a homely Irish stew  
Will soothe one's wistful mood—  
Two dollars per day the rent  
will pay,  
And one will buy the food.

Raisins and rice will prove a treat,  
Or noodles baked with cheese.  
If yearning for a frozen sweet,  
Survey your Roman frieze.  
Your woodwork 's "grilled"—why  
should you, then,  
To chops and steaks allude?  
Two dollars a day the rent will pay,  
And one will buy the food.

Oh, happy little home, where five  
May break their daily bread,  
Assured that they 'll be kept alive  
At twenty cents per head.  
I've read strange "economic" plans—  
This one all others beats—  
Two dollars a day the rent to pay,  
And only one for "eats"!

Ella Randall Pearce.

### SIMILARITY.

"It has been discovered," began Professor Licklander, preparatory to implanting a useful lesson, "that a bee makes on an average 24,760 trips in gathering a pound of honey—"

"Eh-yah!" broke in the Old Codger. "That's about as many as my niece has made to the post-office since she began corresponding with that young feller over at Whillerville week before last."

### HIS HURRY.

SHE.—But, Harold, why are you in such haste? We can be married a little later, be gone as long as we like on our honeymoon, and—

HE.—Yes, and the first thing we know the baseball season will open while we are away!

MARRIAGES, we are told, are made in heaven, but it takes all kinds of marriages to use up the raw material.

### THE PROPER SEAT.

HE was a box-office man who, like the tailor, believed in the eternal fitness of things, so the other day when there was a line of people in front of the box-office window he determined to give the right seat to the right person.

The first one in line was a youth accompanied by a lady, evidently his sweetheart, so the ticket-seller gave them seats in B1.

The next was a young girl with a dog in her arms. "Are dogs allowed in this theatre?" "Certainly," the treasurer replied, "we have a special seat for dogs. Put him in K9."

"Whew!" said the next, a perspiring, fat old man, "but it's hot!" The ticket man gave him a seat in Z row.

A jolly young fellow followed. "Give me a good seat," he said. "I've had a bang-up dinner and want to enjoy the show." He was handed a seat in I-8.

"Have you seen anyone waiting for me?" asked the young lady who came next. "No," said the ticket-seller, "but take this seat, and perhaps you may find her." She looked at the coupon and found it was marked C1.

"Hurry!" said the man whose turn it was next. "I want to see the curtain go up." And the usher seated him in B4.

The countryman who next presented himself got seated in 1J. The man next in line was a noted bad pay, and the agent gave him a seat in O1.

The—— But by this time the curtain had gone up and the ticket-seller dropped the "eternal fitness" business.

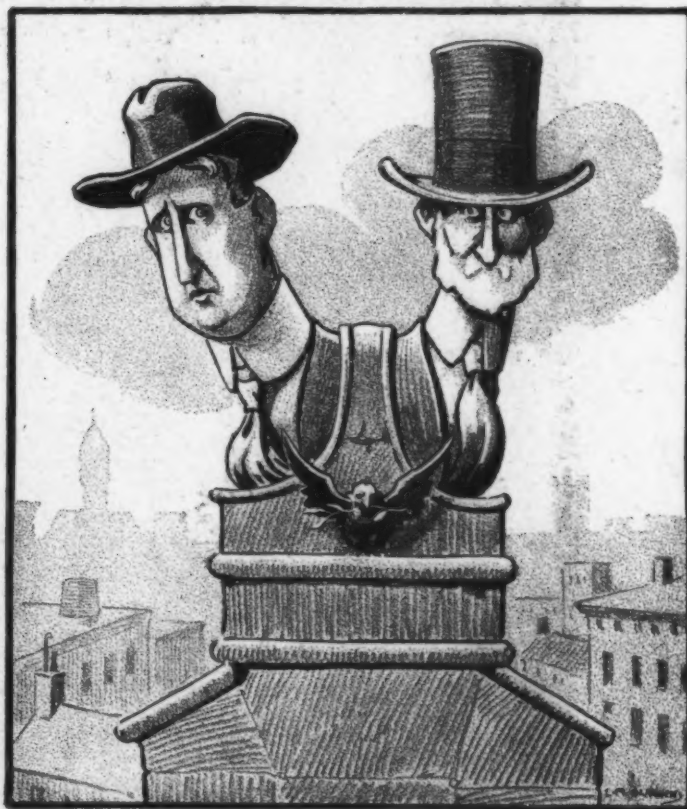
Wm. A. Albaugh.



### TRIALS OF A FLIRT.

"Yours unto death! Oh, what an awful scrawl! Is that Jim, Jack, or Joe?"

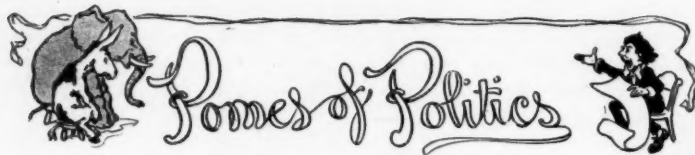
NEARLY every man feels that he would be a great deal healthier if he only had some different kind of a job.



PUCK'S GARGOYLES.

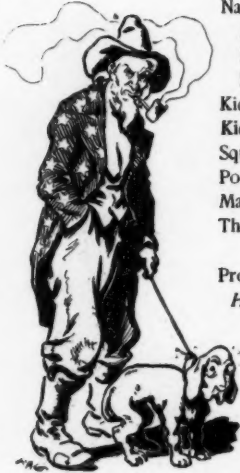
X.—A GAYNOR-HEARST COMBINATION FOR USE ON NEW YORK PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

**I**t may be doubtful if any of us could make this world very much better, but any of us could make it a little better.



THOSE UNDERDAWGS.

Every time I come to town,  
The boys keep a-kickin' my dawg aroun'.



**S**MALL CONSUMER is my dawg's name;  
Hang-dawg look an' a gait that's lame;  
Nary a frien' in the world but me;  
Am't got "points" or a ped-i-gree;  
Little man, middle man, trust man, all,  
Kicks him Summer an' Spring an' Fall;  
Kicks him in Winter, an' kicks him hard;  
Kicks him right in his own front yard;  
Squar' in his ribs they plant their feet;  
Poor Consumer is easy meat.  
Makes no difference if he is a houn',  
They got a-quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

Protected Labor is my dawg's name;  
He gets treated about the same;  
Nice fat tariffs are in his pan;  
"Just for you," says the Congress Man,  
"Nobody else; just you alone;"  
But all he gets is a cleaned-up bone;  
Trusty's dawg he grabs the meat;  
Ain't none left for mine to eat;  
Mine he howls an' begs for more.  
Trusty boots him through the door.  
Makes no difference if he is a houn',  
They got a-quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

Competition is my dawg's name;  
Way they treat him sure's a shame;  
Say, "Nice pup; let's pat your head;"  
Then they swat him hard instead;  
Just the dawg they want about—  
So they say—then kick him out;  
Old Bill Taft he likes him true;  
Reckon that's all, Bill—me an' you;  
Tell you what, I'm a-gettin' sore;  
Ain't goin' t' stand for kicks no more.  
Makes no difference if he is a houn',  
They got a-quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

Every time I come to town,  
The boys keep a-kickin' my dawg aroun'.

A. H. FOLWELL.

**T**HE man who constantly whistles may be a nuisance, but he is away ahead of the fellow who always whines.

Lovers Once, But Strangers Now.—II.



THE COURTSHIP OF BILL TAFT.

THE REPUBLICAN PRISCILLA.—Why don't you speak for yourself, Theodore?

(Reprinted from PUCK, April 24, 1907.)

AN UNNEGOTIABLE LEG.

**T**HE life of a pauper seems hard enough, without adding to its burden or detracting from its possibility of joy. Hence it is sorrowing to read of the harsh treatment accorded to one William Armstrong by the Selectmen of Manchester, Conn., in the matter of a wooden leg. Not that they have refused William the physical solace of a wooden leg, of which he stands in need. No! But that there was, about the giving of it, something niggardly and brusque, you are called to witness.

It seems that William came from Ireland a few years ago, and has since been a "charge" upon the town. He had but one natural leg, and it seemed incumbent upon the Selectmen to supply the palpable want. And so they bought him a wooden leg, but upon it they had indelibly stamped these words: "This leg is the property of the town of Manchester, loaned to William Armstrong, and not to be hocked, sold, or exchanged without a majority vote of the Board of Selectmen."

Now, perhaps, the Selectmen meant well, but their business acumen led them to forget an important psychological point; important, that is, to William Armstrong. They forgot that to a man like William a wooden leg is more than a wooden leg—it is collateral, it is property. How much happier would he be, stumping along upon something of his own, something valuable in the eyes of—at least—a pawnbroker; something that would have a definite standing in a practical world? Now it is just a leg; less than a leg, indeed. It is n't negotiable. It is n't good—except to stand on, and a wooden leg should be more. It is probably true that, with those words missing from the leg, William might, upon some occasion of high frivolity, unstrap it and exchange it for more potable property. But it does seem hard to have an unnegotiable leg.



JERSEY'S NEED IS A CAPITAL ON WHEELS.

GOVERNOR WILSON.—Have n't time to look at it now. I'm late for a speech I've got to make in Kansas.



# PUCK

## PARDON THESE TEARS.

**N**OTHING in the extreme it is to know that there are some prize-fighters who do not earn more money than college presidents. Not so long ago optimism was experiencing a severe chill at the news that one John Johnson, colored, had received something over a hundred thousand dollars for severely beating a white man named Jeffries. At the thought Culture fainted and Progress took to the back seats. So it is not with any bitter sorrow that we hear the story of Tommy Dyer.

Tommy Dyer is an English boxer who came to this country a few weeks ago to acquire fame and fortune in the ring. He succeeded in obtaining a chance to appear before the stern critics of a New York athletic club, in consideration of the payment of ninety-four dollars to the club. He was then matched against another pugilist and, according to the newspaper report, "fought nine hard rounds." At the end of this interesting affair Tommy figured out profit and loss, and discovered that he had three dollars

and one cent less at the end of his evening's work than he had before. The proceeds, such as they were, reposed in the treasury of the "club."

will be saccharine indeed. In spite of his unlucky introduction to American customs, Tommy will not find us such a bad lot if he will hunt a gentler occupation, hang up his hat, and go to work. There is a dearth of young men who are aptly described in the "Want" columns as "strong and willing," and if fame does not exactly insist on attaching the laurel to the brows of such, yet when all is said and done the three dollars and one cent are on the right side of the ledger.

Freeman Tilden.

## EXIGENT.

**T**HERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do.

The cost of living, too, was going up all the time.

"The rent of a high-top is already more than I can afford!" she complained bitterly. "And if we move into an Oxford tie where shall we all sleep? Or a dancing-

pump? Fancy our trying to manage in a dancing-pump!" But here her emotions mastered her, and she burst into tears; after which she whipped all her children soundly and put them to bed.



"WELL, HERE 'S LOOKING AT YER!"

If, as a result of this profitless exercise, Tommy becomes a useful milkman, or motorman, or garbage collector, the uses of adversity



BEAU BRUMMELL REVIVED.

"Who Is Your Fat Friend, Cabot?"



"You have n't turned in a first-class 'deal' story in heaven knows how long," says the managing editor. "There has n't been any to turn in," replies the man who covers the railroads. "What's that got to do with it?" the Old Man grunts. "Go out and fix up a good story. Don't start to show that the Erie is going to buy up the Union Pacific, or anything like that, but get a fairly possible one and work it up into good live shape."

The railroad-strategy man is n't the least bit worried. There are lots of "possible" ones. He pulls a small railroad map out of his desk, folds it over in the middle like a book, and jabs a pin through it. Then he opens it up to see where the pin-pricks have landed. One of them is on the main line of the Rock Island. That's promising. The other squarely through Salt Lake City. Why it's a miracle! All along the strategy-man has had an idea that the Rock Island was going to buy some road running into Salt Lake City, and from there get an outlet to the Pacific Coast! This just simply proves it.

A couple of days later the story comes out. The management, of course, won't affirm it, but "there are excellent reasons for believing" that Rock Island will shortly announce a deal by which it will get its "long-needed outlet on the Pacific Coast." Other papers take it up and there is quite

a little talk about it. Over on the Exchange there is a little extra activity in the stocks concerned. That means commissions for the brokers and satisfies them. The managing-editor is satisfied at having been able to start something. The strategy-man is satisfied at having satisfied the Old Man. But what about the deal? Oh, everybody forgets all about that in a couple of days.

THEY were coming out of the Thirty-fourth Street side of the hotel where one of the most important of the speculative cliques now in control of the market makes its nightly headquarters.

The younger man was enthusiastic. "There's a small fortune in this turn in Union," he was saying. "I've got some, and to-morrow, just after the opening, I'm going to get some more. You don't get a tip like that every day. It comes straight from the inside."

"Sure," remarked the other, cynically, "it comes with the stock."

"THINGS THEY ARE SORRY THEY SAID"—there, how would that do for a heading? Number two in it could be Mr. Hill's statement that it won't be long after the opening of the Panama Canal before the railroads will have lily-pads growing in it.

ON William Street, just across from the Cotton Exchange, there is a famous old restaurant which has for years served as a meeting-place for the fraternity of foreign-exchange brokers. They started going there when the Gold Exchange was established next door, back in Civil War times, and they have kept it up ever since.

But what a change, what a change, from the good old times! Instead of the comfortable sitting around for an hour or so at noon over a good bottle of wine—a dash at the lunch-counter for a sandwich and a glass of something to drink. Instead of a break



### RETRIBUTION.

THE EDITOR OF A COMIC SUPPLEMENT HAS TO EXPLAIN THE FUNNY PICTURES TO HIS CHILDREN EVERY SUNDAY.

in the day's activities and a pleasant meeting with one's friends—a snatching of food and a deglutition of drink with one eye fixed on the ticker. You see an old broker come in. Twenty years ago he would have sat down, ordered a good dinner, and taken his time eating it. Now he is far more likely to work his way to the bar, pour something brown into a little glass, and a moment later be mounting the steps to the street. It lacks just five minutes of one o'clock, and over at the Guaranty they've given him an option on 100,000 francs till then. If he can get there in time he can make his commission—\$3.03. Twenty years ago the decimal would have been one place to the right. That's the difference between then and now.

"EVERY morning these days, when I go through the mail for orders," the head of one of the commission-houses recently remarked, "I get the same feeling as when I've bid three no-trump and my partner lays down a yarborough."

ACCORDING to Chief-Inquisitor Stanley, the U. S. Steel Corporation is an association formed to strangle competition, "hike prices," and put it all over the consumer generally. There's nothing good about it. It's just an evil conspiracy in restraint of trade, and ought to be scotched with the iron heel of the law.

According to Judge Gary, the U. S. Steel Corporation is a great and good institution, formed to get producing-costs down to rock-bottom so that prices can be dropped to the lowest notch and kept there. It does n't want to monopolize anything or hurt anybody. All it wants to do is just to manufacture steel in the best and most economical manner possible and to make a legitimate profit out of doing it.

Somewhere in between is the truth. The trouble is that "somewhere in between" is a mighty indefinite sort of proposition. *Franklin.*

### A THUMB-NAIL TRAGEDY.

- I.  
LAID UP.
- II.  
LAID OFF.
- III.  
LAID OUT.
- IV.  
LAID AWAY.

### PROVED.

WILLIS.—Then you think the office sometimes seeks the man?

GILLIS.—You bet! Our office has spent five thousand dollars trying to find our last cashier.



FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE.





THE PINCH HITTER.\*

\*Batted for Taft in the ninth.

### INCONSISTENT.

[In a "Sample Budget for New York Housewives," recently published in a daily newspaper, the schedule, said to have been offered by a well-known club-woman, includes, out of a monthly income of two hundred dollars, an allowance of sixty dollars for rent and thirty dollars—or one dollar per day—for food for five persons.]



I've oft been told this is an age  
Of rash extravagance;  
Now listen to a household Sage  
Who eyes such things askance.  
"Two hundred dollars, say, per month  
For five—a maid include,—  
Two dollars a day the rent will pay,  
And one will buy the food."

Coffee and rolls à la Française  
Will please the morning group;  
At night the dome's electric ray  
Lights up the lentil soup.  
Maid-served, a homely Irish stew  
Will soothe one's wistful mood—  
Two dollars per day the rent  
will pay,  
And one will buy the food.

Raisins and rice will prove a treat,  
Or noodles baked with cheese.  
If yearning for a frozen sweet,  
Survey your Roman frieze.  
Your woodwork's "grilled"—why  
should you, then,  
To chops and steaks allude?  
Two dollars a day the rent will pay,  
And one will buy the food.

Oh, happy little home, where five  
May break their daily bread,  
Assured that they'll be kept alive  
At twenty cents per head.  
I've read strange "economic" plans—  
This one all others beats—  
Two dollars a day the rent to pay,  
And only one for "eats"!

Ella Randall Pearce.

### SIMILARITY.

"It has been discovered," began Professor Licklander, preparatory to implanting a useful lesson, "that a bee makes on an average 24,760 trips in gathering a pound of honey——"

"Eh-yah!" broke in the Old Codger. "That's about as many as my niece has made to the post-office since she began corresponding with that young feller over at Whillerville week before last."

### HIS HURRY.

SHE.—But, Harold, why are you in such haste? We can be married a little later, be gone as long as we like on our honeymoon, and——

HE.—Yes, and the first thing we know the baseball season will open while we are away!

MARRIAGES, we are told, are made in heaven, but it takes all kinds of marriages to use up the raw material.

### THE PROPER SEAT.

HE was a box-office man who, like the tailor, believed in the eternal fitness of things, so the other day when there was a line of people in front of the box-office window he determined to give the right seat to the right person.

The first one in line was a youth accompanied by a lady, evidently his sweetheart, so the ticket-seller gave them seats in B1.

The next was a young girl with a dog in her arms. "Are dogs allowed in this theatre?" "Certainly," the treasurer replied, "we have a special seat for dogs. Put him in K9."

"Whew!" said the next, a perspiring, fat old man, "but it's hot!" The ticket man gave him a seat in Z row.

A jolly young fellow followed. "Give me a good seat," he said. "I've had a bang-up dinner and want to enjoy the show." He was handed a seat in I-8.

"Have you seen anyone waiting for me?" asked the young lady who came next. "No," said the ticket-seller, "but take this seat, and perhaps you may find her." She looked at the coupon and found it was marked C1.

"Hurry!" said the man whose turn it was next. "I want to see the curtain go up." And the usher seated him in B4.

The countryman who next presented himself got seated in 1J. The man next in line was a noted bad pay, and the agent gave him a seat in O1.

The—— But by this time the curtain had gone up and the ticket-seller dropped the "eternal fitness" business.

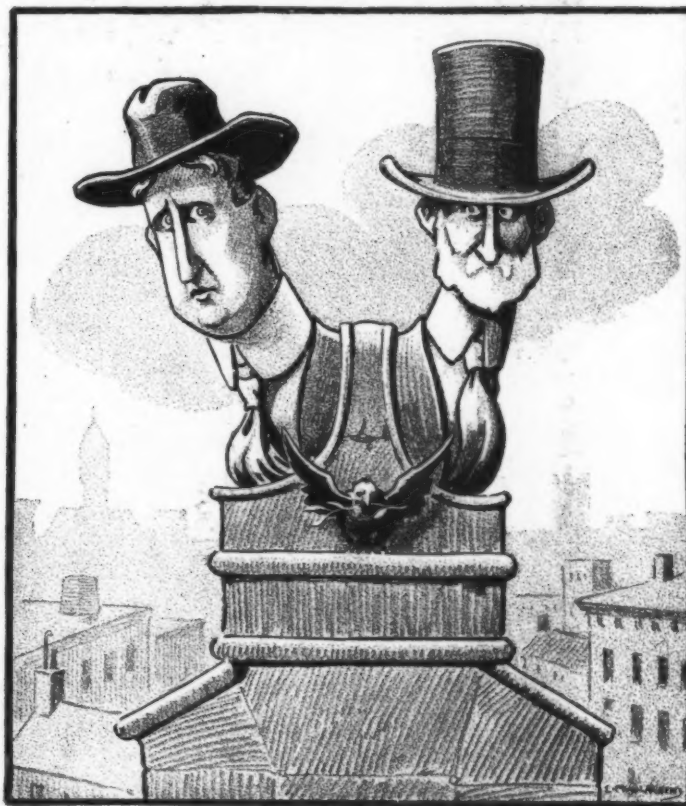
Wm. A. Albaugh.



### TRIALS OF A FLIRT.

"Yours unto death! Oh, what an awful scrawl! Is that Jim, Jack, or Joe?"

NEARLY every man feels that he would be a great deal healthier if he only had some different kind of a job.



PUCK'S GARGOYLES.

X.—A GAYNOR-HEARST COMBINATION FOR USE ON NEW YORK PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

**I**t may be doubtful if any of us could make this world very much better, but any of us could make it a little better.



THE PUCK PRESS

"DANCE, YOU BOOBS"





YOU BOOBS, DANCE!"



# What's What in Washington.



INSIDE THE TENT AT THE BIG NATIONAL SHOW.

A DOZEN young women, who have just finished a course in stenography and typewriting at a Washington business college, have been employed to assist in sending out campaign literature at the Taft headquarters in the Hotel Raleigh. One of the stenographers was busy trying a new typewriter the other day when Representative William B. McKinley, of Illinois, who is in charge of the headquarters, stepped up to the girl's desk and asked in that genial way of his: "May I ask what you are writing?"

The young woman was abashed for a moment, at least, and reluctantly handed a sheet of copy-paper to Mr. McKinley on which the following familiar sentence was written many times: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

Mr. McKinley smilingly said: "That's good campaign stuff. You can keep on writing that sentence until I tell you to quit. I'll have that sent out to every Republican in Illinois as a starter, and if it works on them we'll adopt that time-worn admonition as a slogan."

HOTEL proprietors and real-estate men of Washington are trying their best to persuade more members of Congress to run for President. They are not content with the boom of business that has followed the opening of the Taft, the Roosevelt, the Clark, the Wilson, the Underwood, the La Follette, and the Harmon headquarters.

"Counting Senator Cummins and Senator Kern, both of whom are receptive candidates for the nomination of President on their respective tickets, there are nine campaign headquarters running day-and-night shifts in Washington," said a real-estate operator to-day. "Why should Senator Cummins and Senator Kern run their publicity bureaus in the Senate office-building when the other seven out-and-out candidates have leased elaborate suites downtown? My plan is to urge these two Presidential aspirants to fall in line and let me rent them some nice downtown offices. If I am successful in that, then I am going to urge three more Congressmen to get in the game and let me fix 'em up. There really ought to be an even dozen candidates in the field anyway, and besides, we real-estate men need the money."

WHEN Representative Richard Bartholdt of St. Louis journeyed to Germany last year as special Ambassador to the exercises incident to the unveiling of the Von Steuben statue, he carried with him personal letters from the President of the United States to the German Emperor. After landing at Bremen, the Congressman stopped off at Hanover to pay his respects to Robert J. Thompson, an old friend, who is American Consul in that Prussian city.

"Well, Dick," Mr. Thompson is quoted as saying, when he grasped the good right hand of his friend, whom he had not seen for a long time, "I am surely glad to see you. What brings you here at this time? A pleasure-trip?"

Then Mr. Bartholdt went on to explain that President Taft had chosen him as his personal representative to witness the unveiling and dedication of the Von Steuben replica, the original of which graces the north-west corner of Lafayette Square in Washington. "I have official letters in my pocket from the President to Emperor William," explained the Missourian.

"You have letters from the President to the Emperor?" repeated Mr. Thompson, earnestly. Mr. Bartholdt nodded. "Then you made a grievous diplomatic error in stopping here, or anywhere else, before you delivered them," the Consul explained. "Now, Dick, as I told you before, I am glad to see you, but I am going to give you some advice. You hurry on to Berlin just as fast as you can and present your credentials to the Kaiser. If he asks you if you stopped off in any German city on your way, tell him No. I'll see you later. Don't forget what I told you. You should n't have come here before seeing the Emperor. It is an unpardonable breach of court etiquette."

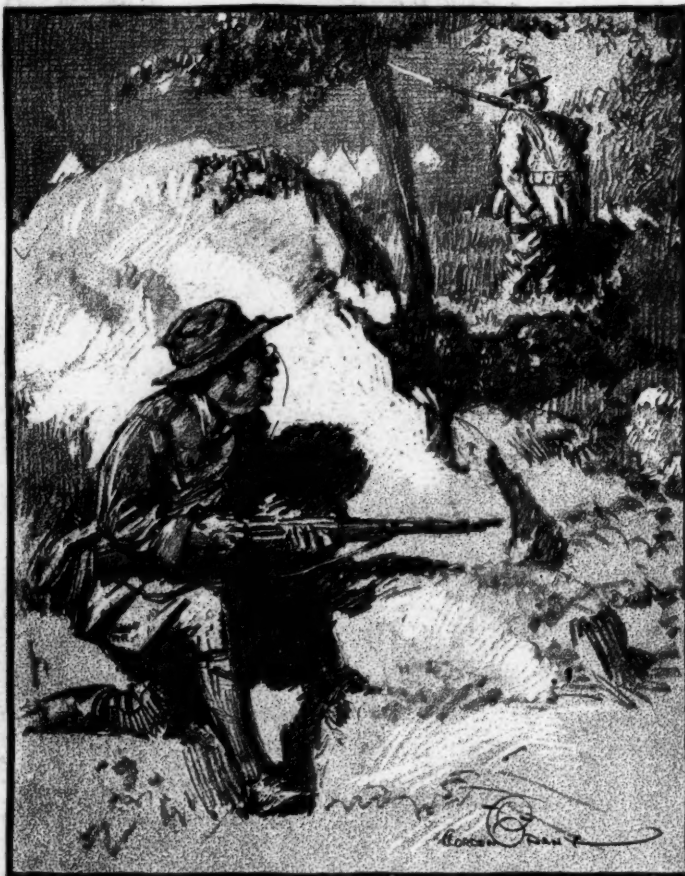
So Special-Ambassador Bartholdt caught the next train out of Hanover for Berlin. On his arrival at the capital city, he went directly to the palace. After the usual formalities, he was ushered into the presence of the Emperor in the Throne Room. Mr. Bartholdt presented his credentials and the letters of greeting, and received a warm welcome in return. After inquiring about his health and his first impressions of Berlin, the Emperor asked the special Ambassador about his trip. "Did you visit any German cities on your way here?" the Kaiser wanted to know.

Mr. Bartholdt was abashed. He was trying to remember what it was that his friend had told him to say, but he forgot for the moment. "Yes, Your Majesty, two," answered the Missourian, as beads of cold perspiration appeared on his brow.

"May I ask what cities they were?" asked the Emperor, whimsically.

"Yes, Your Majesty," retorted Mr. Bartholdt, smilingly; "Milwaukee and Cincinnati."

## THE REPUBLICAN CIVIL WAR.



"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,  
"Except now and then a stray picket  
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,  
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."

CYRUS ADAMS SULLOWAY, of Manchester, N. H., who represents the first of the two districts in that New England State, never uses a tooth-brush. He said so the other day when he appeared as a witness before a House investigating committee. More than that, Cyrus Adams Sulloway has a notion that a tooth-brush should never be used by man, woman, or child. He says "it causes more harm than good," and that he is "sorry the day of the snuff-stick has passed," and that the tooth-brush—man's enemy—has taken its place.

"A tooth-brush has bristles and so have I," explained the Representative to a friend. "And mine are all up when it comes to fighting this new-fangled and senseless way of keeping the teeth clean."

CHARLES NAGEL, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, is the walking member of the Cabinet. Also he puts in more time at his desk than any other head of an executive department of the Government.

Scorning carriages and automobiles—and he has several varieties of both in the big stable-garage at the rear of his K Street residence—Mr. Nagel prefers to walk to work every morning. Rarely he joins the strap-hangers and rides to his office in a crowded street-car.

Nine o'clock is the morning hour that Government clerks must be at their desks, and 4:30 P. M. is quitting time except for Secretary Nagel. He reaches his office, as a usual thing, by 8:15 in the morning; lunches between 1 and 2 o'clock, and then wades into work again. Long after his assistants and the corps of clerks in his department have gone for the day does Mr. Nagel think of winding up his work. Often he comes back to his office after dinner and is closeted with his secretary until the after-theatre crowds are off the streets.

"If it wasn't for my walks to and from my office every day," Mr. Nagel explained to a friend, "I don't think I would enjoy my present good health. I got the walking habit when I was a student at the University of Berlin forty years ago, and I take great pleasure in exercising this way every day the weather permits."

## EVEN THEN.

FIRST PURITAN.—Elder Mather is a worldly diplomat.

SECOND PURITAN.—How so?

FIRST PURITAN.—He hath accepted a call from the wigwam church at Penobscot to the log church at Plymouth, saying that there be more sinners there and a larger field for work, but everyone knows that it pays two pine shillings more a year, and the meeting-house is six miles nearer the preacher's cabin.

## THE REASON.

VISITOR.—Why don't you boom your town?

NATIVE.—Can't, on account of the law.

VISITOR.—What law?

NATIVE.—The present license law. It says a town can have only one saloon to every seven hundred and fifty people, but that all existing saloons can continue. Now, we've got five booze-joints here for two hundred people, and you can easily see that if we get any more folks in here there would n't be enough saloons to go around.



# PUCK



**W**HEN you have the check-rack empty,—that's the proper time to quit;  
When the croupier's looking grouchy, and the lookout has a fit.  
But—you have n't done it yet; so keep on betting, just the same,  
For anyway you have the fun of being in the game.

The ball may drop—contrary like—at numbers you're not on;  
Your system win when you're not down, until you're pale and wan.  
Get wise! Get wise! Just take a brace. Let up on playing lame,  
For all you lack, to get the chips, is nerve to play the game.

The house is acting fair enough,—the wheel is on the square,  
No sort of use in backing out as if you did n't care.  
You have to play your little stack, and piking is a shame!  
The water's fine! Go on in, boy, and bust the blooming game!

W. Edson Smith.



## CHUTNEY'S DINNER.



**T**ELL you we men are not as dependent on you women as you think we are," said Chutney to his wife when he had achieved the triumph of cooking a meal himself, and had prevailed upon his wife, who had a "perfectly horrible headache," to come out and partake of at least a cup of the tea he had made.

"What do you think of that for a meal?" said Chutney as he helped his wife to a chair at the table. I set the table myself, too."

"Yes, dear. But did n't you notice that you had the cloth on wrong side up?"

"Have I? Well, what difference does it make which side is up so long as there is good stuff on it?"

"These are ice-cream plates you have at the places, dear; and the spoons should be at the sides of the plates, instead of in a heap in the middle of the table."

"Well, it's easy to reach them, and—where are the napkins? I guess I forgot them. Try a little of this omelet. Anything the matter with that?"

"Nothing, dear, only that you forgot to put any salt in it, and—why, George, dear, you

put sugar instead of salt on the beefsteak! You must have gotten hold of the powdered sugar."

"Looks like it. I thought it was mighty fine salt, and—I don't know but I took these baked potatoes out of the oven too soon."

"How long were they in the oven?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"My dear man, you can't bake even very small potatoes in fifteen minutes, and large ones like these should have been in the oven an hour, and—No, I don't want any of these stewed tomatoes. I could n't eat them to-night even if they were not scorched."

"They don't look scorched to me, and—guess they were on a little too long."

"About half-an-hour too long, I should say, and over a red-hot fire, and—George, how much tea did you put in the teapot for two persons?"

"Not more than half a cupful—maybe three-quarters."

"Why, George! A large spoonful of this tea would have been plenty. This tea would bear up an egg."

"Well, of course you can put in just a little and then fill up the cup with hot water, can't you?"

"I suppose so, and—George, how long did you have this tea over the fire?"

"About half-an-hour. I let it come to a boil, and then it boiled maybe half-an-hour."

"No one boils tea even a minute nowadays. What is this? A vegetable salad? Well, the next time you make a vegetable salad, my dear, please put oil on it, and not the furniture polish."

"By Jove! I guess I did get hold of the wrong bottle. There were so many bottles on the pantry shelf, and—"

"Next time, dear, I'd rather wish you did n't put your gravy in my cut-glass bonbon dish, and perhaps it would be best for you to go out to dinner when I am too ill to get dinner for you. Won't you please help me back to my room? The smell from that salad makes me a little faint."

Max Merryman.

## HIS NOTION.

**F**ARMER HORNBEAK.—Not that I indorse the work of the dynamiters, exactly—

MRS. HORNBEAK.—Why, Ezry, how can you condone anything so terrible?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—I don't, as a general rule, but I was kinda thinking what a help 't would be to have one o' them dynamiters engaged by the month to get the hired-man out o' bed in the morning.

**T**he worst way to undervalue a friend is to ask him for a five when you could just as well have got a ten.

## Some REMINGTON Typewriter Figures

- 583** The number of Remington Typewriter Salesrooms throughout the World.
- 1,011** The number of different keyboards furnished on the Remington Typewriter.
- 117** The number of different styles of type with which Remington Typewriters are equipped.
- 84** The number of languages written on the Remington Typewriter.
- 347** The number of different Totalizers furnished on the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter (Vahl Adding Mechanism).
- 29%** The increase in Remington Typewriter Sales during the past year over any previous year since the beginning.
- 750,000** The number of Remington Typewriters in use today—more than any other make and more than many others combined.

Remington Typewriter Company  
(Incorporated)  
New York and Everywhere

## Puck Proofs Photogravures from PUCK

Copyright 1900 by Kappeler & Schwann.



THE FIRST AFFINITY.

By Carl Hassman.

Photogravure in Carbon Black, 13 x 19 1/2 in.  
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Fifty-page Catalogue of Reproductions in Miniature

Address PUCK  
295-309 Lafayette Street New York

### CAREFULLY WEIGHED.

In the Dana days of the New York Sun a young Cornell graduate was put at work reviewing books. One of the first books handed him was a massive "Life of Napoleon," by a college don.

The Cornell man had specialized on Napoleon at his university under a great authority, and thought rather poorly of this new biographer of Napoleon—who was a professor in another university, by the way. He glanced casually over the illustrations, and wrote his review as follows:

"'Life of Napoleon,' by Professor So-and-So. This work weighs nine pounds."

Mr. Dana read the review and sent for the young man.

"Did you write this review?" he growled.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you read the book?" growled Mr. Dana again, fiercer than before.

"No, sir; I weighed it."

"That'll do!" growled Mr. Dana.

Then he sent word down to the cashier to raise the reviewer's salary.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

### MODERN BEAUTY.

A young man the other day said to his best girl:

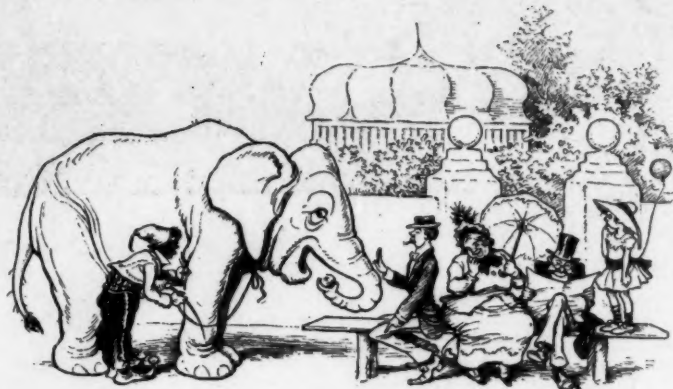
"I visited that fashionable Fifth Avenue palmist this afternoon, and he told me I'd marry a blonde."

The girl, who was very dark, said thoughtfully: "Did he say when the marriage would take place?"

"Yes, in three months."

"Well, I can easily be a blonde by that time, dear," said the girl with a shy smile.—*Washington Star.*

### THE ELEPHANT'S MORNING PROMENADE.



"Now, Mungo, what are you going to give the man for the apple?"

## H. C. BUNNER:

AN APPRECIATION.

By Freeman Tilden.

THE word "humor" is one of the most elastic in our language; otherwise it would have been long ago fractured beyond the possibility of knitting. "Humor" is made to include everything, from the uncomstockian yarns of Boccaccio and the refined character delineations of Addison to the Katzenjammer Kids who explode a can of nitroglycerine beneath grandma's chair. I once asked a man, unpretentious to literary tastes, for a definition of humor. "Anything that ain't serious," he said. There are worse definitions than that.

But the trouble is that, in the popular conception, a humorist is a man who does n't take things seriously. Of course the reverse is true. A humorist, meaning a real humorist, is a man who *does* take things seriously—so seriously that he insists upon seeing defects as well as perfections, and darkness as well as light. The optimist does n't do this; and so he lacks a sense of humor. The pessimist does n't either; he, too, lacks a sense of humor. To some men it is given to view life from many diverse angles, to know it in its fullest and ripest aspects, and to tell, with good-natured insistence upon truth, where we fall comically short of angelhood. Such a man was Henry Cuyler Bunner.

I don't know when Bunner was born, or where; or whether his folks had lived here a long time, or how he spent his Sunday afternoons. I could find out these things easily, but really I don't care. All I need to know about Bunner I can get from his books and from the picture of him that Puck runs from time to time. I know that Bunner had an Eye. And I know that Bunner had the gift of speech in a remarkable degree. He could tell what he saw; and what he saw was a world full of genuine people, going up and down and around, to work, to play, to build, to tear down, to laugh heartily and shed a few tears now and then, and finally make their exit without too much fuss. I know that Bunner saw all of these folks with a kind, understanding eye, and he loved them a good deal, and he "joshed" them a little, as we say, by means of his most articulate pen. Bunner knew there are people in the world who are mean and people who are decent; lovable and hateful folks; neutrals and whatisits, and the Godbe-praised and the Godforsaken. And likewise that the same man can be both mean and decent, and lovable and unlovable; which is to say that we're a shifting, changeable, multicolored lot, and we do all kinds of unaccountable things.

Now, all this may sound rather trite and unimportant. That's the way I want it to sound; because with the trite and unimportant Bunner was at home; by which I mean that he knew us all mighty well. He wrote some of the most delicious things about us that ever were writ. Bunner did n't create great heroes; no. You know why, don't you? Because there are n't any. He did n't deal with the perils of the Frozen North, and make Jack Armstrong walk from Dawson to Sitka in a snow-storm to save the lovely girrl. No. That sort of stuff is a bit special after all now, is n't it? That is, you and I don't usually walk over that territory, with that heroic purpose, when we stretch our legs. He did n't write any problem stories, except that he saw that the mere act of living is a big interrogation-point. Bunner wrote some humorous, fleecily humorous, stories, that give you a quiet laugh down in the diaphragm—not a hoarse hoot followed by a blush of shame—stories that charm you from first word to last, and always leave you with some idea you can well afford to possess.

You ought to get acquainted with Bunner if you don't know him already. I would suggest that you try first his book called *Short Sixes*. Puck will send it to you, for a consideration,\* and it will be the biggest treat—as I believe—that you have had for long and long. *Short Sixes*, a book bubbling from the spring of real humor, kindness, and art. Of course, if you like the kind of "humor" which depends upon one man's hitting another with two feet of bologna sausage, or a couple of cherubic infants trying to push each other down a coal-hole—you might not like Bunner. But—try *Short Sixes* first, and see where you stand.

\* One dollar, to be perfectly frank.—F. T.



# Pears'

"A scowling look is altogether unnatural."

All the features of Pears' Soap are pleasing. A naturally good soap for the complexion.

Sold by the cake and in boxes.



A SCOTSMAN landed in Canada not long ago. The very first morning he walked abroad he met a coal-black negro. It happened that the negro had been born in the Highland district of Scotland and had spent the greater part of his life there. Naturally, he had a burr on his tongue. "Hey, mannie," said the pink Scotsman, "can ye no tell me wheer I'll find the kirk?"

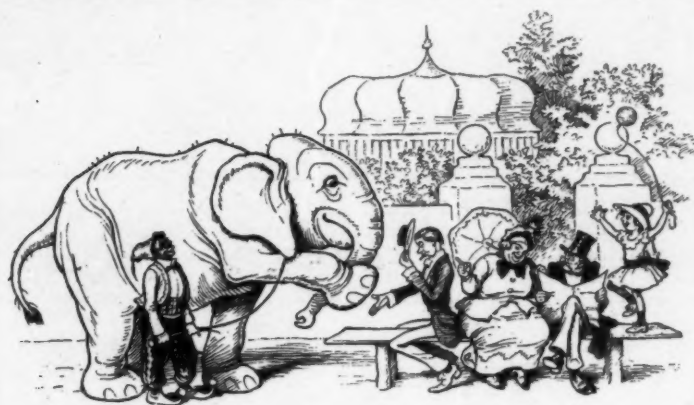
The darky took him by the arm and led him to the corner. "Go richt up to yon we hoose and turn to ye're richt, and gang up the hill," said he.

The fresh importation from Scotland looked at him in horror. "And ar-ye from Scotland, mon?" he asked.

"R-richt ye ar-re," said the darky. "Aberdeen's ma hame."

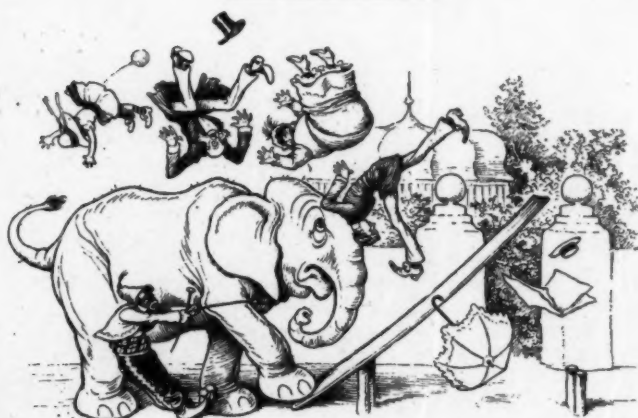
"And hoo lang have ye been here?" "Aboot twa year," said the darky.

"Lord save us and keep us!" said the new arrival. "Whaur can I get the boat for Edinbro?"—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

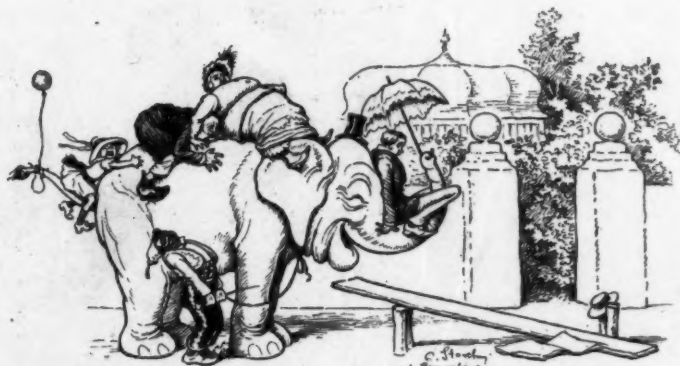


II.  
"Be polite and——"

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts., in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



III.  
"—— give him your hand."



IV.  
!!!—Fliegende Blätter.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

## CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermière de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.



At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.  
Böttger & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.

OLD JAKE LA RUE was a very crusty man, full of gouty aches due to age and overeating. He lost patience with his physician one day because the latter did not make enough fuss over the pain his patient suffered.

"Doctor," he thundered, "you don't understand! You don't seem to grasp the case! You talk as if there was nothing the matter with me, whereas I am suffering the torments of the damned!"

"What, already?" queried the doctor, in apparent amazement.—*Lippincott's.*

Laugh and Grow Fat!

Take PUCK and Laugh!

## Avoid Trouble in the Family

By Subscribing For

# Puck

The Foremost Humorous Weekly of America



TROUBLE COMING

As a Home Paper PUCK will please you

- ☞ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- ☞ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- ☞ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- ☞ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK, ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

**Puck**  
NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name .....  
Address .....



**OLD I.W. HARPER WHISKEY**



**THE KIND YOUR GRANDFATHER USED STILL THE BEST.**


Note style of bottling

This is the Guaranteed Original Package.

A perfect whiskey of the Old School. The favorite with connoisseurs. Sold and recommended by the better class dealers.

BERNHIM DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

**BOYS! This Ball Glove and The Boys' Magazine (6 mos.) 50c**



We will also include, without extra cost, a book entitled "Fifty Ways for Boys to Earn Money." Walter Camp edits The Boys' Magazine. Each issue of this magazine is filled with clean, fascinating stories and instructive articles, of intense interest to every free boy. Departments devoted to The Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins. Colored covers and beautifully illustrated throughout. This folder's glove is made by one of the foremost American manufacturers, of finest tan leather, felt padded, leather lined, web thumb, deep pocket. Guaranteed. Satisfaction, or money refunded. Order today. The Scott F. Eckfeld Co., 227 Main St., Smithport, Pa. The Boys' Magazine at all news-stands, 10c a copy.

**AFTER THE CAMPAIGN.**

Once, at the height of the Civil War, two men at a railway station saw a cart-load of wooden legs depart for a military hospital.

"Those wooden legs," said the first man, "are a rather eloquent protest against war, aren't they?"

"Yes," agreed the other; "they are what you might call stump speeches."

—*Sacred Heart Review.*

**NEW YORKER.**—What did you have in your garden last summer?

**SUBURBANITE.**—Leghorns, Cochins, Chinas, and Plymouth Rocks.—*Exch.*

**VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.**

are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. Young, P.D.F.: 423 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS**

**Cortez CIGARS**

**—MADE AT KEY WEST—**

It's no safer to be in a taxi with money than to be on the street without it.—*New York World.*

**RAG DOLLS**

Beautifully Colored on Cloth



These toys are on specially prepared cloth, the colors being absolutely fast so that baby can kiss and love them with perfect safety.

**DOLL, LIFE SIZE.....50c.**  
(Baby's clothes will fit)

**DOLL, 20 in. high.....25c.**

**BABY DOLL, 7 in.....10c.**

**FOXY GRANDPA, 20 in.....25c.**

**TABBY CAT, and 2 kits.....25c.**

**DUCK, and 2 ducklings.....25c.**

**NOISELESS Ten Pins.....40c.**

**"JUMBO" Elephant, 35 in.....50c.**

**BABY'S BIG BALL.....25c.**

In sending silver or bills, wrap in paper before putting in envelope.

**Every Child Loves a Rag Doll Most.**

**Address FRED S. CLARK**

**295 Lafayette St., New York**

**COOK'S**

**IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE**

**America's Favorite Since 1859**



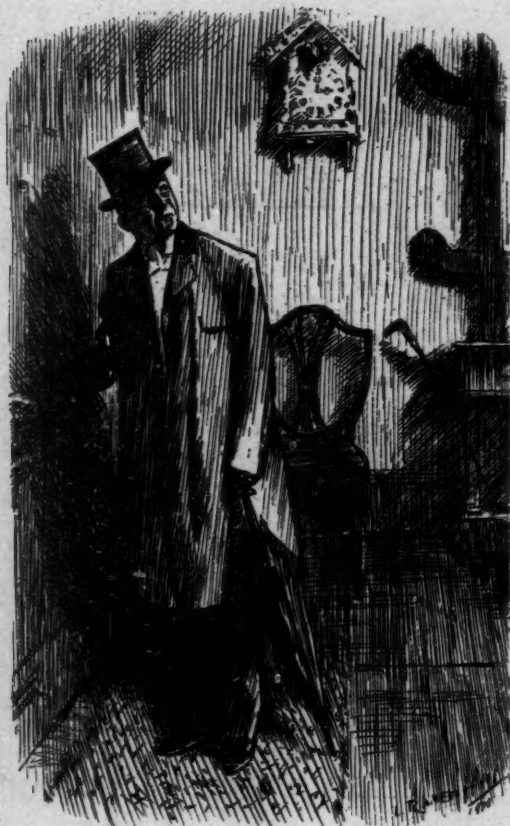
**The Most Delicious Champagne in the World**

**Pure and Wholesome Served Everywhere**

"Do you believe in the principle of the recall for judges, Weary?" asked Dusty Hobo, as he and Weary Waggles met *en route* for warmer climes.

"No, I don't," growled Weary. De last judge I was up before recalled that I'd been up before him five times before that, and gimme six months extra for it."—*Harper's Weekly.*

TIME—THREE A.M.



VOICE FROM ABOVE.—Is that you, John? You're very late, aren't you?

BROWN (*returning from the Club*).—It's only about—er—twelve, my dear, I think—

THE CUCKOO CLOCK.—Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

BROWN (*grasping situation instantly*).—Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—*Punch.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"MAY I ask," inquires the interviewer, "why you paint none but nudes?"

"Certainly," replies the painter. "The styles change so rapidly in clothing that a picture would be out of date almost before the paint is dry."—*Chicago Post.*

## WHAT ARE OUTING HANDBOOKS?



They are a series of two hundred volumes covering all the phases of outdoor life. "From bee-keeping to big game shooting" indicates the scope.

The series is based on the plan of one subject to a book and each book complete. The authors are experts. Every book is specially prepared for this series.

While **OUTING** Handbooks are uniform in size and appearance they are not in any sense connected. Among the titles are the following.



**THE AIREDALE**—Williams Haynes. Origin and development of breed. Selection, breeding, training, curing diseases.

**APPLE GROWING**—M. C. Burritt. Includes kinds to raise. Location of orchard, care of trees. Harvesting, marketing.

**THE AUTOMOBILE**—Its Selection, Care and Use—Robert Sloss. Plain and practical advice.

**BACKWOODS' SURGERY AND MEDICINE**—Dr. C. S. Moody. For use when out of reach of doctors.

**CAMP COOKERY**—Horace Kephart. Selection of provisions and utensils. Food values. Preparation game, fish, beverages, desserts, etc.

**CAMPS AND CABINS**—Oliver Kemp. How to make shelters ranging from brush lean-tos to log cabins. Working diagrams.

**EXERCISE AND HEALTH**—Dr. Woods Hutchirson. Rational, all-round living. What to do and what not to do. Unusually interesting reading.

**FISHING KITS AND EQUIPMENTS**—S. G. Camp. A complete guide to the fresh water angler on selections and purchases.

**THE FINE ART OF FISHING**—S. G. Camp. Includes detailed instructions in various forms of trout and bass fishing.

**THE HORSE, His Breeding, Care and Use**—David Buffum. Thoroughly practical. Specially designed for owner of one or two horses.

**THE MOTOR BOAT, Its Selection, Care and Use**—H. W. Slauson. Care of motor receives special attention. Camping and cruising suggestions.

**MAKING AND KEEPING SOIL**—David Buffum. Commonsense scientific methods of maintaining and improving the fertility of soil.

**NAVIGATION FOR THE AMATEUR**—Captain E. T. Morton. Short treatise on simpler methods of finding position at sea.

**OUTDOOR SIGNALLING**—Elbert Wells. Pronounced the simplest and most effective system of signals in existence for amateurs.

**PRACTICAL POULTRY KEEPING**—R. B. Sando. Comprehensive manual of instruction for raising poultry on large or small scale.

**PROFITABLE BREEDS OF POULTRY**—A. S. Wheeler. Rhode Island Reds, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Mediterranean, Orpingtons, etc.

**RIFLES AND RIFLE SHOOTING**—Charles Askins. Relative merits of different guns. Target practice, snap shooting, wing shooting.

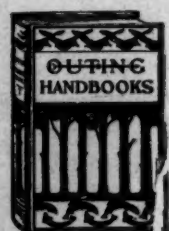
**SCOTTISH AND IRISH TERRIERS**—Williams Haynes. Origins, standard types, diseases, kenneling, training, etc.

**SPORTING FIREARMS**—Horace Kephart. Shotguns and rifles. Range, trajectory, killing power, mechanism, various loads, boring, testing.

**TRACKS AND TRACKING**—Josef Brunner. Interpreting foot prints wild animals and birds. Many illustrations.

**WING AND TRAP SHOOTING**—Charles Askins. Only modern manual in existence dealing with shotgun shooting.

**THE YACHTSMAN'S HANDBOOK**—Commander C. S. Stanworth, U. S. N. and others. Sailboats and motors. Ground tackle, handling lines and sails, soundings, etiquette.



Bound in green cloth, flexible cover. Size 4 1/2 x 7 1/4 inches. Fixed price seventy cents per volume, postage five cents. A booklet giving detailed description will be mailed free. Order from your bookseller or direct.



**OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY**

OUTING MAGAZINE YACHTING OUTING HANDBOOKS

141-145 WEST 16TH ST. NEW YORK 127 S. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO



OVERWEIGHT.



"What's the matter, dear? Can't you get it together again?"  
 "Oh, yes, I've got it together, but I don't know what to do with these two bits that are left over!"—*The Tatler*.

**WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE  
 TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY**  
 No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly.  
 Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

## BUNNER'S Short Stories



*H.C. Bunner*

### SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.  
 —*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

#### The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. —*N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.

#### Made in France

Though the creations are De Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. —*Detroit Free Press*.

#### More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." —*Boston Times*.

#### The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. —*Boston Times*.

Five Volumes, in Cloth, - \$5.00  
 Per Volume, - - - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address  
 PUCK, New York

## New York To-day Chicago To-morrow

Distance is annihilated. Chicago is only a night from New York. Business suspended in New York at 4.00 P. M. to-day is taken up in Chicago at 9.00 A. M. to-morrow. There is no loss of time. You leave with the sunset on the Hudson to-day and arrive with the sunrise on Lake Michigan to-morrow. The intervening gap is bridged by the

### "Pennsylvania Special"

The going is as comfortable as a night at a hotel. There is no lack of convenience. The appointments are complete. The steel Pullmans are safe. You may work or play, read or rest, and you walk out of the Chicago station in the morning as fresh as if you had spent the night in your New York apartments.

Leaves Pennsylvania Station at 4.00 P. M., Hudson Terminal at 3.55 P. M. Arrives Chicago 8.55 A. M.

Leaves Chicago 2.45 P. M. Arrives New York 9.40 A. M.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



For tickets, delivered at home, office, or hotel; for Pullman reservations and any information, apply to NEW YORK CITY TICKET OFFICES: 263 Fifth Avenue (Corner 29th Street), 501 Fifth Avenue (at 42d Street), 261 Broadway (Corner Grand Street), 170 Broadway (Corner Maiden Lane), 111 West 125th Street.

Telephone "Madison Square 7900"

### COMPARATIVE EMOTION.

Gratitude, although it may exist in a very earnest form, is by no means the strongest and most consuming of the human emotions. When Lawrence Barrett's daughter was married, Stuart Robson sent a check for five thousand dollars to the bridegroom. The comedian's daughter, Felicia Robson, who attended the wedding, conveyed the gift.

"Felicia," said her father upon her return, "did you give him the check?"

"Yes, father," replied the daughter.

"What did he say?" asked Robson.

"He did n't say anything," replied Miss Felicia, "but he shed tears."

"How long did he cry?"

"Why, father, I didn't time him. I should say, however, he wept fully a minute."

"Fully a minute," mused Robson.

"Why, daughter, I cried for an hour after I signed it."—*Rock Island Union*.

### DEPENDS ON THE SHELLS.

De Wolf Hopper declares that this incident actually happened:

An actor and a retired army man were discussing the perils of their respective callings.

"How would you like to stand here with shells bursting all around you?" the general demanded.

"Well," replied the actor, "it depends on the age of the eggs."—*Evening Sun*.

**RHEUMATISM**  
 PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY  
 THE ENGLISH REMEDY  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
 SAFE & EFFECTIVE 50c & \$1  
 DRUGGISTS.  
 OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.



### HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS PAPER WAREHOUSE,

27, 29 and 31 Bowler Street.  
 BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 25 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.  
 All kinds of Paper made to order.



**EVERY FISHERMAN** should wear one of these handsome fish-shaped watch charms. When worn on a chain it wiggles and flops about like a live fish. Made of non-tarnishing gilt metal. We will send you one of these charms together with a copy of this month's

**SPECIAL FISHING NUMBER**  
 of the **NATIONAL SPORTSMAN**  
 on receipt of 25 cents in stamps or coin.

**NATIONAL SPORTSMAN**, 75 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

**Shine on!**  
 It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish  
**Bar Keepers' Friend**  
 It will shine on it benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. See 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 3c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

